KEOWEE COURIER.

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou can'st not then be false to any man."

BY ROB'T. A. THOMPSON. PICKENS COURT HOUSE, S. C. SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1857. VOL. VIII.—NO. 49.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

We have something for you, gentle reader, as dainty as this May air—three spring songs, most modestly sent us by Mr. W. L. Shoemaker. The melody and conceit in the first of these swallow flights smack of the sweet old poets:—

I.—BEES.

Hark to the hum of the bees
In the air, so warm and sunny,
Murmuring their drowsy melodies,
And gathering golden honey!

Led by the vernal spell,
That my soul and sense entrances,
I go, murmuring songs as well,
And gathering golden fancies.

II.—EXULTATION.

What a thrill of delight to all the earth
Thou bringest, O magic Spring!
The streams dance on with a maddening mirth
And the birds, like bacchanals, sing.

The merry old sun looks merrier now;
Like a school-boy shouts the wind;
While a blossoming wreath around earth's brow
Thy fairy like fingers bind

I must be mad like the rest to-day,
'Neath the sky's voluptuous blue;
And my heart shall bound like a child at play
And its life from thee renew.

III.—THE WHIP POOR WILL.

Late, late, last night, when all was still,
I heard the Spring's first whip-poor-will;
I listened, and I thought of you,
And wished a wish that should all come true.

Not wealth, nor health, nor power, nor fame;
My granted wish all those would shame:
I wished—but ah! it will not do
To tell, for then it would not come true.

To tell would break the mystic charm,
And bring my fairest hopes to harm.
You blush—you tremble—you know it, too;
The charm is o'er, and my wish comes true!

MISCELLANY.

Results Outstripping Anticipations.

Mr. Calhoun, in the Memphis Convention of 1845, said: "You are now talking about connecting the Mississippi with the Atlantic by Railroad. In twenty years you will be talking about connecting the Mississippi with the Pacific." And we well recollect with what a stare of incredulity hundreds of the intelligent men then present, statesmen, judges, editors, &c., looked up to the great Carolinian and expressed in their countenances, almost as plainly as if they had embodied the sentiment in so many words, "that is another of Mr. Calhoun's vagaries." The idea of the union of the Mississippi with the Atlantic by means of iron bands was considered by many grave and enlightened members of that body as little better than a Utopian dream, to be realized perhaps by a future generation, or perhaps never. But to talk about building a Railroad to the Pacific, they considered as one of those ridiculous airy nothings suitable to be indulged in by poets and the inmates of mad houses in a state of partial convalescence.

Well, what of the results thus far? This convention was held in the fall of 1845. A period of a little more than ten years only has, therefore, elapsed, and the grand epithalamium that celebrates the completion of the first part of the work mentioned has been chanted. The cars now run regularly from the shores of the Atlantic to the bluffs of the Mississippi. Their waters are united. The vague and misty future has become the tangible and solid realities of the present, and glides, though we cannot say noiselessly, into the past. And the still future—what of it? The rites of Hymen celebrating the union of the great River with the fair young giantess of the Pacific; shall their epithalamium be chanted, and when? There be prophets of evil, and they cry out, a dream, a dream! We tell them nay; or, if it be a dream, it is one that will be realized, as the other has been, when we awake. Events crowd on. Mr. Calhoun said that in twenty years they would be talking about building a railroad to the Pacific, and they thought him almost crazy for making such a prediction. One half of that period has elapsed, and the road has not only been talked about, but the rails have actually been laid down upon it at several points, and all the important steps taken to construct it to the Rio Grande, far on towards the Pacific.

Results outstrip anticipations, even of the most sagacious, of those who penetrate farthest into the future. What it took ten years to perform when Louisiana was admitted into the Union, is now accomplished in one. The journey that consumed a month twenty years ago is now made in a week. And still the ratio of comparative rapidity is onward, still onward.

It took ten years to complete the railroad from Charleston to Memphis. But a fraction of this time is now necessary to map out, lay down the track, and equip a road of greater length. It took half of this time to talk about the enterprise. There was no faith, and there must be faith before they can be living works, for works do but follow faith. Besides, learning one language gives the student increased facilities for learning another. So the experience gained in building one railroad comes in powerfully to shorten the time necessary to the construction of another. The mishaps of doing and undertaking, of a want of calculation, of necessary precedence and sequence of measure are all avoided by the light which the practical knowledge gained by experience, and it alone, sheds upon the actual.

There be those who talk of the realization of our Southern Pacific railroad by the next generation. Slow coaches we say.—They snuff not the breezes, all instinct with a changed condition of things, all alive with the ceaseless din of energies at work with Titanic power, with something approaching desperation, as though the destinies of the world depended upon the completion of a given amount of facts accomplish in a given time. Enterprise grows by what it feeds upon, like the passions of love or hatred. Let the prophets of inaction or blindness open their eyes and see, and get out of the way. The engine bell keeps time to the lullaby of the placid waters of the Pacific. Let them go over to Algiers, and placing their ears upon the ground, listen! The sound will be indistinct at first, but with the aid of a little of the faith of the times it will gradually become more perceptible, and, before they have time fully to realize it, the engine, with its train of cars, laden with the rich silks and diamonds of India and the gold of California, will come dashing along through solitudes; now solitary no longer—marking another epoch, another grand step in the "march, march, march" of the ages of ages.

Call us visionary, if you please. So people called our own veteran, General Edmund Pendleton Gaines who first urged the construction of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and the construction of a system of Railroads throughout the South and West to bind the country together literally in bands of iron. Yet he is scarcely in his grave before we see that system not only adopted, but a part of it laid out and executed. The slow prophets must drink at the inspiring fountains of the present and rush into the cars, or be left. This is the best advice we can give them.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

Col. Keitt on Democracy.

A public dinner was given, about a fortnight since, in honor of the Hon. L. M. Keitt by the citizens of Cheraw. Although he has ever acted with the Democracy, he has had the honesty and spirit to represent its short comings. We rejoice to see that there are some of our public men, who still in South Carolina have the fidelity and nerve to tell the truth. As when we have uttered similar convictions they have been questioned or unheeded, and as we entirely agree with Col. Keitt, we avail ourselves of his reflections on the state of affairs. The Cheraw *Gazette* thus sketches his speech on the occasion:—*Mercury.*

He discussed the Kansas question—presented it in its many phases, and expressed his apprehensions of the portentous struggle of Northern fanatics, aided by Southern treason, to crush out the rights of the South in that Territory. He expressed his want of confidence in Walker and Stanton, both of whom he denounced as unprincipled trading politicians, who were ready to sell the slave-holder's interest in Kansas for a price. He spoke of the National Democratic party—of its want of principle, and its readiness at all times to sell the South at any price which would secure to its leaders the glorious spoils of victory. He said it was this party that had, time and again, robbed the South by tariff exactions—had shorn her of her rights in the Territory of California—and, by advice of Walker, had robbed her of a portion of Texas to make it freesoil—expressed his fears that the same party would force the slaveholder out of Kansas, and make that a freesoil State. He said he went with the Democratic party, but was not of it.

He spoke of Mr. Buchanan. Said he had some confidence in his honesty and integrity, but feared his power to stem the torrent of Black Republicanism arrayed against him.

He was graphic in his description of the corrupt scenes to be witnessed in Washington. How men, fallen from their high estate, paraded the street, filled the lobbies of the Representative Halls, and thronged around the Executive Department, with their price placarded in figures upon their heads. Of these were Walker and Stanton, the one a Pennsylvania bankrupt, and the other an unprincipled political gambler.—Both had sought and obtained position and power in Kansas, and were willing to wield it at the bidding of the party which would pay best. Walker's proposition to have the Constitution of the Kansas Convention submitted to the people, before it was presented to Congress, with a demand for admission into the Union, he denounced in no measured terms. He said it was unprecedented, and intended only to restore the Territory to Black Republicanism.

Col. Keitt emphatically declared the country was now divided into sectional parties, and that the great struggle on the one side for equality and independence, and on the other for supremacy, would be decided in the Presidential election in 1860. He said he had no confidence in the National Democracy to uphold the Constitution, and save the Union—that every day the one party was growing weaker and the other stronger, and that whenever Black Republicanism got the ascendancy, the Constitution would be no barrier of protection to the Southern and weaker party.

KIND WORDS.—Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a paradise of the humblest home that the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed-down spirit glad, than all other blessings the earth can give.

From the Marion Star.

Hung.

Moses Harrelson, convicted of the murder of Rogers, was hung in this place on Friday last, the 5th inst., in the presence of a large number of men, women and children. He met his fate with calm resignation, and we learn that for some time before the day of execution arrived he professed a hope of the forgiveness of his sins, and died in the full assurance of happiness in the world to come. It will be recollected that he received his sentence at the March term of our Court in 1855, but escaped from prison before the day of execution, and evaded the vigilance of the officers of the law until last winter, when he was taken and lodged in jail till the March term of the present year, when he was again sentenced by Judge Glover.

One of the clergymen who visited Harrelson during his confinement, at the request of H. wrote out a statement for him which he heard read on the morning of his execution, approving and signing his name to the same. This was read to the assemblage under the gallows before the execution took place. For the information of those who may desire to read it, we insert the entire statement:

Fellow Citizens: Standing upon this scaffold erected for my execution, in the presence of this multitude, and looking into the grave which is soon to receive all that is mortal of me, permit me, ere my lips are sealed in death, to say a few things which I deem of importance to myself and which may be interesting to you.

I am charged with a dreadful murder; the law of the State has condemned me; and I now await its execution. I have no fault to find with the law, it is but just that the guilty should suffer, and I submit with out a murmur to my fate. But in my case there are certain extenuating circumstances, which I would briefly lay before you, which may serve to lessen in your minds the magnitude of my guilt. My hand may have dealt the blow which produced the death of the unfortunate Rogers, but before God, and in your presence who are soon to witness my death, I aver, I did not know that they were officers of the law.—I recognized, as I supposed, in them, men who sought to take me without proper authority; and in the effort to escape from them the fatal blow was given for which my life is to pay the forfeit, no malice lurked in my bosom, no feeling of revenge for some real or fancied wrong done to me urged me on to the commission of the deed no scheme was projected for carrying out a design of blood. No, the fatal occurrence was the result of a determined but foolish effort to foil those who had no right as I supposed to arrest me. I am innocent, gentlemen, of any intention to kill, and if I committed the act this must certainly palliate the enormity of the crime. With deep mortification I confess that I have been a very wicked man. My life has been spent in a course of disobedience to the laws of my Maker. A long dark catalogue of sins horrifies my vision as I retrospect the past. I acknowledge all. Honestly I avow my deep depravity. The fruitful cause of all the crimes, the guilt of which now hangs so heavily upon my soul is traceable to the intoxicating bowl. Intemperance has done it all. Had I never tasted the damning cup, I would never have been arraigned before the bar of my country for a deed of blood. But, alas! I loved the fiery poison, and it has produced its legitimate results—guilt and disgrace. It blighted all my prospects, and wrecked all my hopes. Intemperance has disgraced and ruined me, it is just as able to disgrace and ruin you. Are any before me addicted to this vice? have any of you ventured upon a course of intemperance, or commenced to tamper with this insidious enemy, let me beseech you to, shun the fatal cup, to stop in a course which is ruinous to soul and body, reputation and life, to break from the grasp of a foe that will crush and destroy you. Let my example be a warning to you, and before it is too late, cease "to look upon the wine as it giveth its color in the cup, for afterwards it biteth like an adder and stingeth like a serpent. But as hopeless as my case seems to be, all hope has not departed; the blackness of utter despair has not gathered around me.—Light breathes upon my soul from the cross, and throws its mild radiance into the "dark valley of the shadow of death." He who would have embraced and saved an Iscariot, rushing into the judgment hall and casting down the price of innocent blood, had he repented, has, I sincerely hope and believe, taken me, a poor wretched sinner, into his arms of mercy. I have repented of my crimes, O, how deeply! I have humbly hoped and trusted in the atonement of Calvary and that love which "saves to the uttermost," the vile and the miserable, has saved me. And now I look with hope and confidence to the land beyond the grave, and trust to rest with the justified and the saved, when the struggle of death, so soon to take place, is over. Let me honestly assure you that I harbor no hostile or revengeful feeling towards a living man, no malice mingles with the emotions which fluctuate in my breast. There is not a human being that I would harm. My love takes in all my species, and could I live would endeavor to exhibit in my life the fruits of charity and good will to man. Some have uttered hard things against me, I forgive them; and humbly crave pardon for any wrong I may have intentionally or unintentionally done them. Let us now bury in the grave all hostile or bitter feelings, and forgive as we hope to be forgiven. And now I must bid you a long adieu. I commend my soul into the hands of the God who gave it. I hope in his mercy. May that mercy be mine. But O God of the widow and the fatherless regard the more than widow and fatherless children. I leave them a heritage of disgrace, but merciful Heaven care for them. Clothe them, preserve them from their Father's vices, and the vices of the world. Enable them to shun the rock on which their parent has split. Throw around them the arms of thy providence and save them everlastingly. M. HARRELSON.

McDuffie's last Speech in Congress.

In looking over an old newspaper not long ago, we came across the following brilliant account of Mr. McDuffie's last speech in Congress. It was from the pen of a correspondent of the Mobile Herald:

"The last time I remember seeing this distinguished statesman, was on the floor of the United States Senate, during a debate on the tariff question, in 1846. He walked to his seat with great difficulty on account of his paralysis; yet declined the proffered assistance of Sevier, of Arkansas, and John C. Calhoun, both of whom offered him every attention. When seated he wrote a short note to Dixon H. Lewis, who immediately had his enormous chair wheeled to the desk of Mr. McDuffie, and aided him in preparing his documents and in rising to his feet. The whole chamber was silent in a moment. It might have been deference to the bodily infirmity of the man, who could only stand having each elbow supported and both hands clasped upon the head of his cane—or it might have been a compliment to his towering intellect and burning eloquence; but so it was, and the proud flashing eye of the statesman seemed to acknowledge this homage as his rights. His first few sentences were uttered in gasps, as though he were suffering excrutiating pain; but after he began to warm with his subject, he became eloquent indeed. His attack was pointed principally against Daniel Webster and he appeared to pride himself on entering the lists with him, whom he alone deemed worthy of his steel. To describe the graceful manner in which he glided from profound argument into caustic irony, and then to solemn invocation, surpasses my humble abilities; but that he claimed every heart, ear, and eye present for more than an hour, can be testified to by hundreds. Before closing his speech with his last burst of eloquence, I remember his becoming so excited that, forgetting all his numerous maladies, he removed his arms from their supports, dropped his cane on the floor, and stood, to the astonishment of every body, alone and unaided; while the grace and dignity of his action could be surpassed by no one. As he uttered his last remark, Lewis fearful of an accident, caught him in his arms, and fairly carried him to his seat. A week after this incident Congress adjourned, and Mr. McDuffie never afterwards visited Washington City."

A SCORE OF PRINTERS.—In this office are twenty printers engaged. Only look at them! In ages, ranging from twenty to forty; in size and complexion, from the ordinary stout (we never knew a fat printer) to some that might crawl through a greased flute, as white as Circassians, and others brown or rosy—as your "Georgia cracker," or Pennsylvania publican.

Some bearded like the Pard, others smooth-faced as the Greek slave. One has travelled all over Arkansas, and the wild horse in the Pampas of South America: another has been out on the broad ocean, and has seen life before the mast; another graduated at West Point, served in the army, and accompanied Col. Doniphan in his Xenephonic grand campaign all over New Mexico. What a book he can write. Another has kept tavern, sold goods at auction, travelled over the United States several times, been well off and broken—often. Two have been "on the stage," a profession printers are much addicted to, for about half the actors on the American board are printers. One we believe has preached sermons, another has lectured to crowded houses. Another has served in Mexico Gen. Scott. A sixth has been a stump orator, member of the Legislature, "out West," and fought a duel, we believe. Three have practiced medicine, kept store and dealt in horses, cotton and negroes. Two have held municipal offices. Four or five have been officers or privates in various military companies. One served with Gen. Houston in the Texan revolution, and one in the Canadian rebellion. Six or eight have edited and published newspapers in various parts of the United States. One has been officer of a packet on the "raging canawl." One was wounded—leg off—at the storming of Monterey. Another has clerked it on a Mississippi steamer; was blown up and slightly killed. Some are or have been married; some are old bachelors. All have seen more or less of life and its changeable scenes. They are all live men, good practical printers, speaking various languages, and form a newspaper corps hard to surpass or equal.—*Cincinnati Unionist.*

TRUTH IS IMMORTAL.—How beautiful the thought, that a heavenly truth is never lost; a thought of beauty goes through sweeping the universe of space, till it finds a welcome in some heart. It leaves its impress there within the spirit-shrine, and goes on forever, flowing and leaving its daguerreotype of joy with another soul.

To the Mayors of Cities and Towns, and Editors of Newspapers, throughout the Union.

We have been commissioned, by the Southern Matron, to make an earnest appeal to the Mayors of cities and towns, and to our brother editors throughout the Union, to come up promptly and efficiently to her help in the great and patriotic work, which she has undertaken—the purchase and consecration of Mount Vernon, as the perpetual shrine of Washington, and the Mecca of America. It is but the fitting homage to his illustrious shade; to the greatness and goodness of his character; to the private and public virtue of which he was the model; to his laurels as a warrior and his wisdom as a sage; to his fatherhood of our country! Let then every one feel, acknowledge and redeem the filial duty of contributing his mite to the great and glorious enterprise of hallowing the tomb of Washington, as a public trust, in the guardian custody of Virginia, for the reverence of all America, and the homage of all the world, in all time to come.

The purpose of "The Southern Matron," and the patriotic daughters of America, of whom she is the presiding and inspiring divinity, is to raise the sum of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars, by voluntary subscription, previous to the 22d day of February next, for the purchase of Mount Vernon, from its present proprietor, and its dedication, on that hallowed birth-day, as the perpetual shrine of greatness, patriotism and worth. More than one-eighth of the required sum has been already raised, by the eloquence of the gifted Everett, a son of Massachusetts, worthy of the Old Bay State, in that day, when Bunker Hill and the Palmetto Fort gave forth responsive thunders against the common foe. Orators, lecturers, editors, and pleaders of both sexes, are already actively at work, from rock-bound Maine to golden California, from the Atlantic to the Pacific borders of our continental Republic, under the banner of "The Southern Matron," in the same noble cause; but it requires a *united*, as well as vigorous effort to achieve the consummation most devoutly to be wished. In the name, then, of "The Southern Matron," a daughter of the Palmetto State, with ancestral Virginia blood running in her veins, the head of this holy mission of the women of America, who, from a sick pillow, and with trembling hand, has issued those heart-stirring missives and appeals, which have penetrated and agitated all America—in that name, under which she inaugurated, and has rendered feasible the hallowed enterprize—in that name, under which alone her modesty consents to communicate with the public, and by which she will go down to and be blessed by posterity and all future time—and for her sake, as well for the sake of the sacred cause with which she has identified herself in immortal union—we propose and appeal to the Mayors of all the cities, towns and villages of the Union, to bring the subject prominently, by means of public meetings, or otherwise, to the view of their respective citizens, in order that the coming FOURTH OF JULY may be dedicated and consecrated, and rendered memorable forever, by the taking up of Mount Vernon Subscriptions, from every portion of the Republic, to ensure the Mount Vernon purchase, and the proposed consecration, by the next anniversary of the birth-day of him, whose valor and wisdom secured a birth-day to our country. To our brother editors, too, in the whole Republic, we extend the invitation to enlist, as knights in the order of Mount Vernon, and to do gallant and efficient service, under the patriot flag of "The Southern Matron," both sounding to the onset and laying at her feet the fruits of victory.—*Charleston Courier.*

THE RAILROAD JUBILEE.—ST. LOUIS, June 5.—The celebration here to-day was a grand affair. The excursionists landed at the levee aimed the salutes of the artillery and military, and were escorted to the carriages and omnibuses in waiting, and conveyed through the main streets of the city, and to the Agricultural Fair grounds. The procession was two miles in length, and there was an immense congregation at the amphitheatre, which will hold 10,000 persons, and is the most complete building of the kind in the Union.

An oration was delivered by Judge Bates, and a sumptuous dinner ensued. The representatives from the various States were toasted and responses were made. Pennsylvania was toasted, but the speaker expected did not answer. Prof. Mitchell responded in a very amusing speech to the toast to Ohio. Ex-Governor Reynolds responded to the toast to Illinois. Virginia was represented by Hon. John R. Thompson, and Baltimore was ably represented by Mr. Frazier. All the guests were loud in their praise of the bounteous hospitality of the citizens, never to be forgotten.

ST. LOUIS, June 6.—Owing to a misunderstanding, that the celebration would not occur till Monday, five hundred excursionists remained at Cincinnati, and only reached here this morning. The city authorities not being aware of this report, had made no preparations for the entertainment of an additional number, but have since quartered the strangers on board steamboats, where they will have to remain till Sunday afternoon. Among the strangers are Attorney General Black, Ex-Governor Bigler, of Pennsylvania, Senator Douglas, also many noted New Yorkers and Baltimoreans.—Great numbers propose returning home via Chicago, and others of extending the trip to Keokuk.

From the Home Journal.

Bread and Meat.

"Feed sparingly and defy the Physicians."

Falling into company the other day with a staunch Vegetarian, and uncompromising Meat eater, I was entertained and instructed by the glimpse afforded to the extent to which a theory will possess a man who fancies it possessed by him. Being myself "on the fence"—i. e. in ill health, and under treatment, restricted to meat once a day, *sans* tea and coffee, and just entering with interest into the flowery, if not poetical, subject of wheaten grits, farina, samp, hominy, and the like—I was prepared to act the part of a comparatively unprejudiced listener.

No. 1 insisted that, as a rule, men of large, clear minds, sagacious and far-seeing, were vegetarians, or of vegetarian descent. (A very convenient qualification, by the way—though not, perhaps, unfair—reminding one, nevertheless, of the proverb recorded in Ezekial: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.")

No. 2 maintained that meat is necessary to create and sustain the nervous quickness, volume, force, and vigor, which are so essential in the conduct of the affairs of this impulsive, hurrying, exhaustive life; and instanced England, in illustration—declaring that to English roast beef and ale the world is indebted for the extension of civilization, Christianity, and the other good works which that nation has so vigorously prosecuted. But, it was urged, England is at present deteriorating—her great men are historical personages—the enterprises spoken of were put in train, and virtually accomplished by an earlier generation, of which meat eaters were the exception.

Without discussing the correctness of the first assertion, we are compelled to affirm that the latter hardly accords with the declaration of Addison, who, one hundred and fifty years ago, when the rage for French cookery was at its height, exhorts his "well disposed readers" to "return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to beef and mutton;" adding: "This was the diet that bred that hardy race of mortals, who won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt.—The tables of the ancient gentry," he continues, "were covered thrice a day with hot roast beef, and instead of tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honor, in Queen Elizabeth's time, were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast."

If this was a fair index of the state of the table at that date, the change in a century and a quarter, was markedly for the better, intellectually, according to the vegetarian theory; and for the worse physically, viewed *meat-istically*; for Macauley, in his graphic sketch of the condition of England on the accession of James II., in his record of the state of the working-classes, says that meat, viewed relatively with wages, "was so dear that hundreds of thousands of families scarcely knew the taste of it. The great majority of the nation lived almost entirely on rye, barley, and oats."

The first of the fore going quotations calls to mind a pertinent query by one of the disputants, viz: "What sort of any army, think you, could be made of exclusively bread and vegetable eaters?" Which provoked the ready rejoinder, "If all men lived thus, armies would be unnecessary." 'Tis animal food inflames the passions, clouds the reason and judgment, and is thus answerable for the vast majority of the disputes, dissensions, and quarrels, in which mankind indulge. If men would possess the wisdom, gentle firmness, self-control, forethought, and serenity of the prophets and holy men of old, they must live as the prophets did—plainly, on the fruits with which mother earth so abundantly teems; denying palate, and consulting the stomach."

We are not extremists; but this *culture of the stomach* is a matter worthy of serious attention. Judging by results, no inconsiderable share of the work of the world is performed with what Kingsley calls, "after dinner brains."

Half our bodies are worn out, not by the excess of our business or the multiplicity of our cares, but by the overwork we crowd upon them digesting our surplus and unnecessary food. As a people, we eat too much, and too grossly.

A hearty, slowly masticated breakfast, a slight repast at noon, and a frugal tea, gives you vigor, clearness, elasticity by day, and refreshing slumber at night. I have worked, physically and mentally, eighteen hours daily, for weeks together, in the enervating spring time, with greater ease, and more satisfactorily, than fifteen hours on what is called a "generous diet."

"Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but banquet quite the wits."

INDIGATOR.

SNIPPINGS AND CLIPPINGS.—A critic is always more feared than loved. When you're beaten, fairly beaten, say its treachery. To believe that you are clever, when you are only spiteful, is a double deception. Those who fancy that money can do everything, are generally prepared to do everything for money. Love and a good dinner are the only two things which effectually change the character of a man. Too much pleasure and too much sun are bad both for women and flowers. Experience is a flannel waistcoat, that we do not think of putting on until after we have caught cold.—Poll mankind to-morrow as to which of the two they would sooner be, "a knave or a fool." The majority would be at least two to one in favor of the knaves!—*Punch.*